

Movies, Milkshakes and Emotions by Thundercloudfantastic

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Summary: PreSeason 2. Nancy and Jonathan spend a summer day babysitting the kids and talking. Pure pointless fluff with a bit of angst thrown in for good measure.

Movies, Milkshakes and Emotions

June 9, 1984

"Call me Ishmael," Nancy read the first line from *Moby Dick*. An audible groan departed from her lips as she was lying on her bed. She put the book down and looked up at the ceiling, after attempting for the fifth time in a matter of 20 minutes to read the *alleged* American classic.

Nancy had been stuck babysitting four thirteen-year-old boys all day, while Nancy's parents and her baby sister Holly went to Indianapolis to visit with Nancy and Mike's aunt. The boys had incessantly talked all afternoon about how excited they were about going to see *Ghostbusters* later that day. They were driving Nancy crazy, and she was eventually forced to retreat to her room for some much-needed silence and alone time.

While in her room, Nancy decided to get a jump-start on the required-summer reading for her upcoming Honors English III class. However, every time she attempted to start the book, Nancy found that she couldn't get past the first couple of paragraphs before she would lose interest, and her mind would wander to a certain brown-haired boy who was expected to chaperon the boys to the movies.

Nancy sighed, opening the book again and flipping to the last page. She had developed a habit in her freshman year of high school of reading the last few pages of every book that she started. She contributed this to her impatience with wanting to know exactly how things would end before she got emotionally invested. Nancy's eyes skimmed over the last few lines of the book, and she groaned for a second time before tossing it across the room and closing her eyes.

Nancy's mind returned to thinking about Jonathan Byers. She knew it was wrong to think about a boy who was not her boyfriend, and she felt guilty—really guilty—about it. Steve Harrington was a good boyfriend. He tried; he really did, but Jonathan would creep into her thoughts more times than she cared to admit to herself.

Nancy was lost in thought when she heard the sound of a car door

closing. She slowly sat up, leaning over to look out her bedroom window towards the neighborhood cul-de-sac. Nancy saw the familiar beat-up 1972 Ford LTD that belonged to Jonathan and a small smile began to form. She jumped off her bed to make her way downstairs, stopping by the hallway mirror to check her appearance. Nancy's eyes scanned her blue t-shirt and white shorts, and briefly considered changing into one of her summer dresses. She quickly dismissed that thought when the doorbell rang, stopping only to smooth down pieces of her hair that had become unkempt from lying on her bed.

Nancy exhaled before opening up the front door to the Wheeler's residency.

"Hey," Jonathan softly greeted Nancy as he crossed the threshold and stepped inside the foyer, his hands tucked inside his front pockets. Nancy noticed that he was wearing a black, faded Ramones t-shirt, and torn jeans that hung loose on his hips. His hair disheveled in his usual, trademark style.

"Hey," Nancy replied warmly.

"Jonathan's here!" Nancy screamed as she tilted her head towards the basement door, where Mike, Will, Lucas and Dustin were eagerly waiting.

"They're really excited. They've been talking about the movie *all day*." Nancy stated, as she gave Jonathan a slight smile before walking towards the kitchen. Jonathan followed her into the kitchen, leaning onto the island in Nancy's direction.

"It's really nice of you to take them to see *Ghostbusters*," she continued as she took a pitcher of lemonade from the refrigerator.

Jonathan grinned, briefly flashing his matching dimples in Nancy's direction. Nancy secretly admired those dimples, internally wishing that she got to see them more on the boy's face.

"It should be fun. The audiences yesterday had good things to say about it." Jonathan stated before he leaned towards Nancy and stage whispered, "Don't tell the guys, but I'm actually looking forward to it."

"You're secrets safe with me," Nancy chuckled before grabbing two glasses from the cabinet, pouring lemonade into each and placing one of the glasses in front of Jonathan.

"Thanks," Jonathan stated before bringing the cool liquid up to his lips. Nancy's eyes followed his movements, her eyes lingering over his lips where a tiny droplet of lemonade remained after he removed the glass and placed it back down on the counter. Jonathan slowly licked his bottom lip, causing Nancy to sigh softly before she caught herself and attempted to disguise it by coughing loudly.

"You okay?" Jonathan asked concerned.

"Yeah. Yeah. Drank too fast." Nancy replied as her cheeks turned a subtle pink.

"What are you up to tonight?" Jonathan asked.

"Oh, it's going to be me and Ishmael tonight." Nancy stated grumpily.

"Huh?" Jonathan replied with a quizzically look on his face.

"*Moby Dick*. I'm trying to get a head start on our summer reading for Honors English since Steve is out of town with his parents and Allie's with her boyfriend tonight."

"Oh." Jonathan replied, letting out a nervous laugh. "I read it already. It's pretty good, I guess. It definitely makes you think about how obsession and revenge can lead to destruction and death. I could've done without all the whale biology and history, though."

"You've already finished *Moby Dick*?" Nancy asked, her voice full of surprise and a bit of indignation. "How? We've only been out of school a week, Jonathan. I can't even get past the first couple of paragraphs and you've already finished it!"

Jonathan shrugged. "I like to read."

Nancy continued to look at Jonathan with a mix of surprise and envy.

"Thanks for ruining the ending by the way," Nancy smirked.

"I know I didn't ruin the ending because you always read the last page of any book that you start." Jonathan stated with confidence as he gave her a pointed look.

"You remembered I told you that?" Nancy asked surprised.

"Of course, I remembered." Jonathan stated. "How could I forget something so dark, anyway?" He teased.

"It's not dark. It's efficient."

"Okay. If you say so." Jonathan laughed as he raised his hands in mock surrender.

Mike and the rest of the boys entered the kitchen from the basement, arguing about something that Nancy couldn't make out.

"Me and the guys better head out if we are going to get good seats for the movie." Jonathan stated.

"Yeah, alright." Nancy replied, trying hard to hide her disappointment that their interaction was already coming to an end.

Nancy had spent little time with Jonathan since the events of last November, and when she was honest with herself, she realized that she missed him. This surprised and frustrated her because they had barely spoken before that week or since, and yet he permeated her thoughts more often than not. Nancy believed that they had shared something that she couldn't quite put her finger on. But, he had all but disappeared from her orbit after Will was saved, leaving her to wonder if she had imagined the connection between them.

Jonathan stood up and walked back towards the front door where all four boys were impatiently waiting for him. Nancy followed closely behind.

"You guys ready to go?" Jonathan asked.

"Definitely," Lucas said.

"First one to the car gets to ride shotgun." Will yelled as he ran out the front door towards Jonathan's car.

"That's not fair, Byers! You didn't say go!" Dustin huffed, running towards the car. "You didn't say go!"

Lucas and Mike rolled their eyes. Will may be the smallest of their group, but he was one of the fastest, so they knew there was no point in trying to catch him when he got a head start.

"Every single time, man." Lucas stated exasperated to Mike. "You'd think he'd learn."

"Let's just go." Mike replied, as he rolled his eyes at his friends.

"Have fun with *that*." Nancy laughed.

"Enjoy your sea voyage." Jonathan quipped as he stepped outside, giving her a smirk.

Nancy groaned as she leaned against the front door casing. "Don't remind me. I can't believe you guys get to watch *Ghostbusters* while I get to stay home and read about a stupid whale."

"Come with us," Jonathan said before his brain could process the words coming out of his mouth, a look of surprise at his own brashness creeping onto his face. "Uh...that's if, uh, you don't, uh, have your heart set on spending tonight with Ishmael." Jonathan finished as he gestured to the kids who were bickering next to his car, "I could actually use the help. These four are kind of a handful."

"Okay." Nancy replied quickly.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Sounds like fun, and you'd be saving me from a night of total boredom." Nancy stated, trying to sound nonchalant. "Let me run upstairs and get my shoes."

At which time, Dustin yelled out, "Jonathan, are we going to go or are we going to stand here all day?"

"Please hurry." Jonathan feigned begging as he ran his fingers through his hair.

Nancy laughed again before running upstairs to her room. She had not expected that Jonathan would actually ask her to the movies, but she would be lying if she didn't admit that she had been secretly hoping for an invite.

Nancy slipped on her Keds, internally debating with herself for the second time that night, whether she should change her outfit. Nancy rolled her eyes, opting instead to grab her light blue cardigan that she could throw on if the theater was cold.

"Finally," Mike said when he saw his sister close and lock the front door.

"Can we go now?" Dustin whined as Nancy approached the car.

"Everybody in." Jonathan said as he slid off the hood of his car that he was sitting on.

"Nancy, you can sit up front with me and Jonathan," Will stated as Nancy approached the car. Will opened up the passenger door and motioned for Nancy to get in.

Nancy waited but then realized that Will was expecting her to get in first. "You want me to sit in the middle?"

"Umm, well, uh, yeah...Sometimes I don't feel well and sitting next to the window helps because of the, uh...the air," Will finished lamely.

Mike eyed Will suspiciously, immediately recognizing by how nervous he was that Will was lying.

"Of course." Nancy said, giving Will a sympathetic look before climbing into Jonathan's car.

Jonathan glared at Will, clearly communicating with his eyes that he was going to kill Will, and mouthed to his little brother, "What the hell are you doing?"

"What?" Will asked, flashing an innocent smile at his brother before climbing into the car.

"Six for Ghostbusters," Jonathan told the girl behind the ticket

counter.

"I'll pay for Mike and me," Nancy stated as she dug around in her purse for the money.

"Don't worry about it. I got it."

"Jonathan, you don't have to do that."

"I know I don't have to do it, but I want to." Jonathan stated before handing everyone their ticket and walking towards the concession stand.

"Thanks. I'll get the tickets the next time."

"We'll see." Jonathan stated, quickly followed by, "Who wants snacks?"

Lucas, Dustin, Mike and Will simultaneously began placing their order with a very perplexed and overwhelmed employee behind the counter.

When the kids each had their own soda, popcorn and candy, Jonathan turned to Nancy and asked, "Do you want anything?"

"A cherry coke, please."

"You want any popcorn?"

"Nah, I'll just eat some of yours?"

"Who says I'm sharing my popcorn?"

"Me," Nancy stared up at Jonathan, with her shoulders square and her arms crossed against her chest. "What are you going to do about, Byers?"

"Let you have some of my popcorn, obviously. I know better than to cross Nancy Wheeler." Jonathan deadpanned before flashing another dimpled-induced smile in her direction.

"Wise choice." Nancy stated as she grinned back.

After Jonathan was finished paying for the snacks, Mike approached them.

"You can't sit with us, okay." Mike stated.

"What? Why not?" Nancy asked, her voice laced with confusion, as she grabbed a handful of Jonathan's popcorn and popped a few kernels of the salty snack into her mouth.

Jonathan gave her an exasperated look, "Can you at least wait until we sit down before you eat all of my popcorn?"

Nancy grinned before turning back to Mike, "So why can't we sit next to you guys?"

Mike looked behind him towards the entrance of the movie. Jonathan and Nancy followed his gaze where a group of girls who appeared to be around Mike's age were standing around.

"Oh." Jonathan stated. "Don't worry. We'll sit a few rows back."

"Great! Thanks Jonathan!" Mike said before rejoining Will, Lucas and Dustin.

"What? I don't get it. Why can't we sit with them?" Nancy asked as she looked up at Jonathan.

"They don't want those girls to think they have chaperons." Jonathan said as he nodded towards the group of girls.

"Oh." Nancy said. "Ohhhh! Do you think one of them likes one of those girls?"

"Maybe."

"Aren't they a little young?"

"They're 13 years old."

"When did you start liking girls?"

"Yeah, I'm not answering that." Jonathan chuckled before heading

into the theater.

"Did you tell them?" Will asked.

"Yeah," Mike replied.

"What did they say?" Lucas asked.

"They said that they would sit a few rows back." Mike replied.

"What excuse did you give?" Dustin inquired.

"I didn't give one. They thought I was talking about those stupid girls over there, and they just agreed to not sit with us. It was a little too easy, actually."

"Do you think they suspected anything?" Will asked.

"Not a chance." Mike smirked.

"Why don't they just tell each other that they like each other?" Lucas asked clearly confused why something as simple as two people liking each other needed to be this complicated.

"Sixteen-year olds are stupid." Dustin stated matter-of-factly.

"Especially those two," Will replied.

Dustin, Mike and Lucas nodded in agreement, as they watched Nancy follow Jonathan into the theatre.

"Let's go find some seats." Mike said.

The boys walked out of the theater, excitedly reciting their favorites lines from the movie.

"Ray, when someone asks you if you're a god, you say 'YES!'" They all said in unison before falling into fits of laughter.

"I take it you liked the movie," Jonathan asked Will and his group of friends when he and Nancy found them standing outside.

"Yeah," Will said, eagerly shaking his head in agreement, and

grinning from ear to ear.

"That movie was awesome," Mike exclaimed.

"What did you think, Nancy?" Will asked.

Nancy shrugged. "It was pretty funny, I guess. The Slimer parts were cute."

All four boys looked at her clearly dumbfounded at her lukewarm response.

"Cute? Cute?" Dustin asked indignantly. "That was cinematic genius! It had action, comedy, scary parts, special effects— in one movie!"

"Cinematic genius?!" Nancy huffed.

"But—" Mike replied.

"Who wants milkshakes?" Jonathan asked, hoping to distract the boys and avoid the impending argument that would naturally flow between Nancy and Mike once Mike finished his retort.

Shouts of *me* could be heard from Nancy and the boys.

"Jonathan, can we get our own booth?" Will asked when they arrived at the diner.

"I don't think so, buddy."

"Please?"

"Okay." Jonathan reluctantly agreed as he was never good at telling Will no. "But sit where I can see you."

"Thanks. You're the best." Will stated before turning to Nancy, "He's the best."

"I know," Nancy stated as she looked in Jonathan's direction. Jonathan blushed a crimson red and immediately sat down at the closest booth, grabbing a menu left on the table and peering at it with great interest.

Nancy slowly sat down across from Jonathan, picking up a menu and pretending to scan the contents. She peered over the menu to steal a quick glance in Jonathan's direction. He was drumming on the table to a song he was quietly humming. When he noticed that Nancy was looking at him, he immediately stopped, giving Nancy a sheepish grin.

"What can I get you, kids?" the older waitress asked when she approached their table.

"I'll have a mint chocolate chip shake." Nancy replied.

"Vanilla shake." Jonathan stated.

Jonathan and Nancy smiled awkwardly at each other. Both clearly at a loss for what to say as they had already spent more time together that evening than they had managed to spend in the last six months.

"Mint Chocolate chip, huh?" Jonathan asked.

"Yep."

"Vanilla?"

"Yep."

"I would have pegged you as a Chocolate guy."

"Yeah, why is that?" Jonathan inquired.

"Chocolate's mysterious, brooding." Nancy teased.

"Is that so?" Jonathan chuckled. "Well, sorry to disappoint. I like boring old Vanilla."

"It isn't boring. It's a classic." Nancy nodded at him.

"Exactly!" Jonathan exclaimed.

Nancy looked at Jonathan's serious expression and began laughing, her whole body soon shaking violently until she was bent over clutching her side.

"What?" Jonathan asked, attempting to remain serious as a smile began to form on his face.

"Vanilla...classic..." Nancy stated through gasps of air, tears running down her face from laughing so hard. "So ridiculous..."

"It's not ridiculous," Jonathan attempted to remain serious before losing his composure and laughing just as hard as Nancy was.

"Your shakes," the waitress stated as she confusingly peered down at the laughing teenagers.

"Thanks," Nancy said to the waitress, as she wiped away tears from her face. "I haven't laughed that hard in a long time." Nancy stated to Jonathan, giving him a big smile before taking a long sip of her milkshake.

"Me either." Jonathan replied genuinely smiling up at Nancy and taking an equally long sip of his milkshake.

They looked at each other for a long while. Neither saying anything to the other, but both realizing why the other had not had much to laugh about over the last few months.

"You should talk more." Nancy declared.

"What?" He asked perplexed by the change in topic.

"In school. You should talk more."

"I talk when I have something to say." He quipped.

"That's bullshit, and you know it, Jonathan. You have plenty to say but you never talk in school."

Jonathan sighed and looked down at the table. Nancy reached for Jonathan's hand, giving it a small squeeze before quickly removing hers.

"Hey, I didn't mean anything by it. I just want people to know the Jonathan that I know—the guy who's funny and brave and sweet."

Jonathan looked at Nancy, clearly surprised by her compliment. "I'll try."

"Good." Nancy stated satisfied. "Now tell me everything you know about *Moby Dick*."

"No way! The smartest girl in school is just going to have to read it for herself."

"Second smartest."

"What do you mean the second smartest?"

"Jennifer Kay has the highest GPA in our class. I have the second highest. That bitch is beating me by less than a tenth of a point."

"How do you know that?" Jonathan eyed her suspiciously.

"You know Marcia in the front office?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I kind of convinced her to share the list of the top ten highest GPAs in our class with me."

"How exactly did you do that?" Jonathan asked in disbelief. "Actually, never mind, I probably don't want to know."

"No, you *definitely* don't want to know." She chuckled.

"Well, the second highest GPA is still amazing, Nance. And good enough to get into any college you want."

"Yeah, I know. But I want to be the best, you know?" Nancy stated quietly. "That probably sounds pretty stupid, considering everything."

"It doesn't sound stupid. Just incredibly honest," he responded sincerely before adding with a smirk, "for an overachiever."

Nancy glared at him, pretending to be offended with his comment, before returning his smile.

"Thanks. So, where are you planning to go to college, Jonathan?"

Nancy inquired as the question of whether or not Jonathan would go to college never occurred to her.

"I don't know I haven't thought about it."

"Friends don't lie. Isn't that what Mike and Will are always saying?"

"Okay. Fine." Jonathan sighed. "NYU. I want to go to NYU but I probably won't get in. Happy now?"

"Why won't you get in? You have the grades."

"How do you know what my grades are?" He asked indignantly.

"I told you that I got a list of students with the top-ten highest GPAs in our class."

"And? That doesn't mean..."

"And, you're on the list, Jonathan. You're number nine."

"You're joking."

"I'm dead serious. You're smart—Who knew?!" She quipped, returning his smirk from earlier.

"Ha-Ha-Ha; very funny. Well, even if I get in, I probably won't go."

"Why? If you get into NYU, you have to go. It's a great school."

"Forget it. Let's talk about something else."

"No. I want to talk about *this*. Why won't you go?"

Jonathan sighed. "Money, alright. NYU is expensive and I don't exactly have a lot of it lying around."

"There's scholarships."

"Oh, yes, I forgot about that football scholarship that I'm in the running for."

"There's other kinds of scholarships, stupid. I'll help you apply for

them." Nancy replied before talking the last sip of her milkshake. "You're going."

"If I get in." Jonathan questioned.

"When you get in." Nancy stated matter-of-factly.

"What about you? Where do you want to go to college?" Jonathan inquired.

"I'm not sure. There are so many great schools. Harvard, Yale, Brown, Princeton...Columbia is finally excepting women." Nancy replied, letting Columbia linger a bit before continuing, "If I went to Columbia, we'd be in New York at the same time."

"It'd be nice if we were in New York at the same time," Jonathan replied quietly while looking directly at Nancy.

"Yeah, that would be nice," Nancy stated as she returned Jonathan's look; her heart beating fast at the implications. Nancy was internally screaming for Jonathan to just say it—*just tell me that you like me, just give me some sign that you're interested and I didn't make the whole thing up*. But he didn't.

"If I get in."

"When you get in, Jonathan."

Jonathan and Nancy continued to talk. Their conversations taking them through various topics from their remaining summer assignments to Jonathan's favorite subject, music

"*What Difference Does It Make* is amazing. You've got to listen to it. I think you'd really like The Smiths if you'd give them a try," Jonathan stated animatedly.

Nancy yawned sleepily, covering her mouth with her hand in an attempt to hide it.

"Am I boring you?" Jonathan asked amused.

"No, of course not." Nancy replied. "I'm just tired. I haven't been

sleeping much lately."

"Why haven't you been sleeping?" Jonathan whispered. "Are you having nightmares again?"

Nancy didn't respond, letting her silence confirm Jonathan's suspicions.

"Nancy, you can talk to me. You know that, right?"

"I keep thinking about Barb." Nancy quietly replied as she looked out the window of the diner. "And Barb's parents. They're still looking for her..." Nancy's sentence trailed off as tears welled up in her eyes.

"Nancy." Jonathan stated softly, his hand reaching for hers. "I'm so sorry. I wish we would have found her *before*."

Nancy met Jonathan's eyes, seeing concern and regret staring back at her and a desire to make everything better but not knowing the first thing about how to do that. Jonathan carried that look around a lot, and for a lot of reasons and it broke Nancy's heart on more than one occasion.

"I wish that too."

The waitress placed their check on the table, causing Jonathan and Nancy to jump and their hands to pull apart from each other.

"Do they belong to you?" The waitress asked as she pointed to the booth where four rowdy boys were throwing fries at each other.

"Uhm...yeah." Jonathan replied sheepishly.

"I think its time to go." The waitress stated exasperated as she placed the second check on the table.

Jonathan's car pulled up to the Wheeler residence at 9:00pm. The boys jumped out, continuing to argue over who would win in a fight between the two female X-men characters, Storm and Rogue. Nancy looked over at Jonathan, mouthing, "Oh my god," while making a gun with her right pointer finger and bringing it to her temple and pulling the imaginary trigger.

Jonathan chuckled. "I'll pick up Will after work tomorrow."

"Woah, Byers, where do you think you're going?" Nancy asked sternly.

"Home, Wheeler." Jonathan deadpanned. "I have to work in the morning."

"You're not leaving me alone to deal with *this* all night." She said incredulously as she gestured towards the house.

Jonathan laughed again. "You'll be fine."

"Jonathan, they're high on caffeine and sugar. *Caffeine* and *sugar* that you pumped them full of, I might add."

"Pumped them full of? How do you imagine that?"

"You bought them soda, candy and milkshakes." Nancy listed off.

"Okay. You might have a point." Jonathan reluctantly acknowledged.

"Fine. I'll stick around for a bit. But I'm leaving you at 11pm even if they are setting the place on fire."

"Great!" Nancy smiled big, happy to have the help and more time with Jonathan.

An hour and half later and Jonathan and Nancy were no nearer to getting the boys to settle down.

"Hey," Nancy yelled over the boys talking in the living room while they played games on the Atari. "Everyone needs to get ready for bed. Mom said you guys needed to be in bed by 11pm."

"11pm?!" Mike exclaimed. "We're not going to bed at 11pm. We're not babies, Nancy."

Nancy looked over at Jonathan, asking with her facial expression if he had any good ideas.

"Watch and learn, Wheeler." Jonathan smirked.

Nancy raised her eyebrows, clearly interested in Jonathan's next move.

"Hey guys, Nancy thinks that *A New Hope* is the best movie of the Star Wars trilogy. I say, no way. *The Empire Strike Back* is clearly the best movie of the three." Jonathan mentioned to the boys.

"You're both wrong. *Return of the Jedi* is definitely the best movie." Dustin stated firmly.

"What? You're joking. *The Empire Strikes Back* is by far the best movie. It has one of the best reveal scenes in cinematic history!" Lucas stated.

"One hundred percent agree with Lucas." Mike replied enthusiastically.

"I agree with Nancy. *A New Hope* has Obi Wan Kenobi. Jedi mind tricks. It has a medal ceremony." Will chimed in.

"Jaba the Hut. Luke and Vader defeat Emperor Palpatine. Darth Vader returns to the good side. Princess Leia and Luke are siblings. *Return of the Jedi* is definitely the best movie." Dustin listed, defending his position.

"Those are good points," Will stated, contemplating his choice for best movie.

"I think we are going to have to settle this by having a movie marathon." Jonathan replied.

"Good idea!" Mike stated.

"Yeah, but first, you guys need to get ready for bed. Go brush your teeth. Change into your pajamas. Grab your sleep bags. Nancy and I will get the movie ready. Okay?"

All four boys jumped out of their seats, running upstairs to complete the pre-bed, and now pre-movie tasks.

Jonathan turned to Nancy, looking very smug.

Nancy looked back at him clearly stunned. "How?...What?...I tried for an hour to get them to go brush their teeth and you had that in your back pocket this whole time!" Nancy stuttered.

"Do or do not. There is no try." Jonathan quipped.

"What?" Nancy questioned.

"It's a quote. Yoda. From Empire..." Jonathan tried to explain, giving up mid-sentence when Nancy continued to look at him perplexed. "Never mind... They're actually pretty easy to control, you just have to understand what motivates them." Jonathan stated.

"I can't believe that I have to watch *Star Wars* again." Nancy stated exasperated. "Do you know how many times I've had to watch them? Nine times! You so owe me for this!"

Jonathan laughed loudly. "Nine times. That's nothing! Do you know how many times I've had to watch them? Thirty-one times!"

"Oh, god, why?"

"Let's just say that it isn't the first time that I've used this trick to get them to go to bed. They will watch thirty minutes of the movie and fall asleep. Guaranteed."

"You better be right about this." Nancy playfully threatened.

As the first movie of the trilogy began to play, all four boys settled onto the floor in their sleeping bags while Nancy and Jonathan sat on the couch, a mere foot apart from each other.

Approximately 15 minutes into the movie, Nancy drifted off to sleep, her head coming to rest on Jonathan's shoulder. Soon the commentary and chatter from the boys became less frequent as they too began to drift off to sleep. With the softness of the couch, the quiet that had befallen the Wheeler living room, and the warmth of Nancy's body against his, Jonathan too fell asleep.

Jonathan woke up suddenly, unsure of where he was at first until he realized that Nancy's arm was wrapped around his waist as she continued to slumber against him. He looked at his watch and read

that it was 12:00am. Jonathan knew he needed to go home and get a decent night's rest before work but he considered staying on the couch wrapped up in Nancy's arms even if it met not getting a single minute more of rest that night. He ultimately decided against it, believing that Nancy would be mortified if she found herself still sleeping against Jonathan in the morning.

Jonathan slowly attempted to release himself from Nancy's grip but Nancy just held on tighter before stirring and mumbling, "Jonathan."

"Hey," Jonathan replied. "Sorry. I tried not to wake you."

Nancy sat up, untangling herself from Jonathan. "What time is it?" she whispered.

"Midnight."

"I feel asleep on you. I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry. I feel asleep too. I'm going to head home now."

"Okay. Are you okay to drive?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine."

Jonathan stood up from the couch and walked towards the foyer. Nancy followed suit.

"Thanks for inviting me to *Ghostbusters* and for helping with the boys tonight." Nancy whispered in the hopes of not waking the boys.

"I'm glad you came. I had fun with you...and the boys tonight."

"Me too. We should do it again sometime." Nancy stated as she looked directly at Jonathan.

"Yeah, I'd like that." Jonathan replied softly as he returned Nancy's gaze with an intensity that Nancy hadn't felt from him since that week last November.

This was it, Nancy thought to herself. She could feel that unspoken thing between them—that feeling that had kept her up at night and

had made it impossible for her to truly move on with Steve and forget about Jonathan Byers.

Jonathan was so close. All he had to do was reach down and kiss her and then she would know that it was real and she hadn't made it up as some way to deal with the trauma of the Upside Down or of losing Barbara. Nancy wanted him to kiss her; she wanted it so badly, just like that night right before Steve and then the Demogorgon showed up. For a brief moment, Nancy thought Jonathan was going to kiss her. Her heart was beating so fast in anticipation that she was sure that Jonathan could hear it. But in an instance, a flash of insecurity etched across Jonathan's face and he retreated into himself like he always seemed to do.

Not wanting the moment to end entirely, Nancy reached up to hug him, wrapping her arms around this neck. At first, Jonathan was stiff against her, half-heartedly returning the hug and immediately attempting to end it. Nancy just held until Jonathan tightly wrapped his arms around Nancy's back and melted into her.

They held each for 30 seconds, maybe a minute, before Nancy let go and whispered, "Good night, Jonathan."

"Good night, Nancy." Jonathan replied as he departed out the front door.

Nancy closed the front door and leaned her forehead against it.

"Shit," Nancy whispered to herself.

Tonight had shown Nancy that her feelings for Jonathan were not going away and that eventually she was going to have to deal with them.

A/N:

This was pointless fluff.

Jonathan is the original babysitter. I love Steve, don't get me wrong, but you know that Jonathan has been driving these boys around since he got his license and has generally been the best babysitter for years now. We need to see this in the show.

Moby Dick is a horrible book, in my opinion, and I, too, was forced to read it over my summer break. Poor Nancy.

Jonathan is one of the smartest kids in school and does well. Jonathan works a job, helps his mom pay bills, takes care of his little brother, makes breakfast in the mornings and wants to go to NYU. Everything points to him being a good student in school. This is Canon—just not explicitly stated.

Empire Strikes Back is the best Star Wars movie. Rogue would beat Storm in a fight. Vanilla is seriously an underrated ice cream option.

We need more Jancy stories! Please.